AND PURPLE AND THUS KEEP HUBBY'S LOVE

Utrental exhausted, he sank into their embrace. They held him as though in a cradle,

though in a cradle.

The rush of the waters began to stacker. They stretched out over the valley and erept up its sides. They did not flow so much now as rise. The valley become a moving sea. On its flowing surface beasts, fowls and reptiles struggled, madeyed, for life. Here and there a sloated carcass, brought down from far up the river, blundered blindly through the living and brought screams of terror from the swimming horses and gasping lows from the struggling cattle.

From the middle of the sea rose the

From the middle of the mea rose the ald plantation house, still high and dry on its mound. It seemed very tiny—a toy house on a lonely lalet.

A great, open white umbrella lined with green sailed gally along. It caught in the branches of Gerry's tree. Uprooted cotton pushes floated by and cane, snapped off, semetimes torn up in whole hills, banked up against the tree and formed a vast, seluded stock.

From the mouth of the cleft in the river parge issued a thundering cataract. had burst through the walls of the dich and even unseated a section of the rocky cras against which the sluice gate had been buttressed. The ditch was gone. had been buttressed. The ditch was gone. It could never be again, for the water was tearing the channel of the cleft deeper and deeper. The turbid flood devoured the silt of the valley, accumulated since man was, and carried it, seething, out toward the river. The valley would be left naked, stripped of the source of

Gerry's tree had crawled away from the main current. In a vast eddy it approached the mound whereon squatted the old plantation house. Dona Maria stood at the edge of the waters. Her two snood at the edge of the whiters. Her two hands were clenched and held above her gray head. Thin wisps of hair hung about her face. Her face was distorted. She was cursing Gerry, cursing the day of his birth, the day of hes ceming, the day he had opened his ditch. She swept her arms over the terrible scene and called down the curse of all the ruin and death on his head. But Gerry was be-roud hearing. In all the world there was none to hear the old woman. She stood alone; about her the silent waters, above her the blazing blue sky.

The tree shot out of the eddy. The current, the main current from the cleft, caught it squarely and swept it away. It suddenly shook its rong trail of riffraff and turning and turning, more and more swiftly, swam out on to the churning bosom of the great river.

The valley had disappeared. Squatting on the very level of the far-flung waters, the old house atill stood. The bright sun struck a glint of light from its white walls and gave rich colors to its moss-grown tiles. The roof was crowded with fowl and strange medicy of heavy flying lists glad of a verse on which to rest birds, glad of a perch on which to rest. Donna Maria went into the house. She closed the great broad shutters. The house looked as if it had closed its eyes in a last renunciation.

Gerry's tree floated down the river. It swang slowly along near the north shore. Just below it were houses. They were perched on the cliff. Below them were

ry's eyes opened and then closed again. He scarcely felt the arms that lifted him. They carried him to the old lim, the miserable little inn he had left behind on that glorious morning of so long ago.

ments, but she knew fever. She piled blankets on Gerry and let him sweat it out. On the third day nature, assisted by his magnificent physique, finally routed the attack. Gerry began to feel hungry. He called the old woman and ordered food. For once food in Piranhas was plentiful. Mandioc, sweet potatoes, pumkins, as well as fewl, marconed on trees and wreekeep.

more. With it three years of his life had been wiped out. Outwardly he was back where he had begun. But inwardly he was cons away from the starting point he was cons away from the starting point of three years ago. Alix had waited for him, but he had not waited for her. He had given himself to Margarita and to Margarita's son. Margarita and the Man were dead, but the fact of his gift of himself remained. What had he but the shell, the husk of himself, to take back to Allx?

He called the old woman. He asked her if she remembered him. She peered at him. "No, master," she sald, "I do not emember you. You are like the foreigner who was drowned, but he is dead."
Gerry shook his head. "Not dead," he said. "only disappeared."

"You are not he," said the old woman. "He could not talk words that one could understand."

Gerry nedded gravely. He felt as though words could never make him smile again.
"I have learned," he said, "Now tell me what became of the things I left here?" He went through the list.
The old woman checked off each item

and the shrugged her shoulders. She led him to a little dark room whose only light came from the interstices of the tiled roof. As his pupils expanded he began to make out one after another of the bags that had made up his traveling kit.
"There is a letter," she said, and went off to fetch it. Gerry dragged the bags out into the light. Their locks were all sealed with the seal of the American Consulted at Pernantuca. He started knocksulate at Pernambuco. He started knock-

ing off the brittle wax. The old woman came back with the letter and handed it to him. He tore it open. It was a note from the consul saying that by order of Gerry's wife his things had been sealed and left at the inn, and telling him where to find the keys. The room, he learned from the old woman, had been paid for regularly, at first by the month, then by the year. She felt no resentment at his return, only resignation. "You are the only guest I've had since you went away," the said quality and with a sigh. she said quaintly and with a sigh,
"Fear nothing," said Gerry kindly,
"You have been faithful. You may consider the room engaged by me for the

FARMER SMITH'S (RAINBOW CLUB

must tell you that there are many kinds of horses-clothes horses, saw

ful eyes of a horse? Did you ever stop to think why it is that when a horse

is hitched to a buggy he wears BLINDERS and when you ride him horseback

more wonderful, a horse's eyes magnify 12 times. If you are a small boy

Today let us talk about real horses. Did you ever look into the wonder-

A horse can see backwards in both directions at once, and what is still

Did you ever go to sleep standing up? A horse can sleep as well stand-

There are different kinds of horses; for instance, the race horse and the

ing as lying down. His wonderful muscles can relax and yet support him.

draught horse-the former noted for SPEED and the latter for pulling

And now, dear children, tell me what animals YOU would like to have

horses, real horses and-you may fill in the rest.

and the chairs was piled such an array of linen and shoes and suits of various crable little inn he had left behind on that giorious morning of so long ago.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A SHARP attack of fever followed Gerry's exposure and immersion. The old woman of the line knew no medications have been successful and shoes and suits of various cut and weight as he had once deemed the minimum with which a man could decently travel. Now they seemed to him wanteful and futile. The clothes did not arry his mind back as he had expected. The starch in the linen had gone yellow. He had always hated yellow collars. The starch him as belonging to some one also all except one for starch suits of various cut and shoes and suits of various cut and weight as he had once deemed the minimum with which a man could decently travel.

For once food in Piranhas was plentiful.
Mandloc, sweet potatoes, pumkins, as well as fowl, marooned on trees and wreckage, had stocked the town as it had never been stocked before. Gerry ate heartily.

Then he began to think. The nightmare was all true. From his window he looked out on the slowly receding waters of the greatest flood the San Francisco had ever seen. Fazenda Flores was no more. With it three years of his life had been wiped out. Outwardly he was Then he remembered. This suit had

How calm Alls had been under his arraignment. How curious had been her eyes as he raved at her. Would she have been calm and curious like that if she had really loved Alan? He remembered the 'shameful things he had said before he could lash her into an answering temper. He heard again the scratching of a pen as he had heard it that morning. temper. He heard again the scratching of a pen as he had heard it that morning, standing in the hall outside her door. How blind he had been! She had been writing to Alan-writing to him in the white heat of anger. He had driven her to it with his shameful words. He had left her no other answer. And after all, she had waited. Gerry put his hands to his forchead. It was wet with cold sweat. He got up and went out. He got up and went out.

The worst of the flood was over. Gerry engaged a search party. All day long they sought for Margarita and her child. Towards night they found them, the little boy tight classed in his mother's arms. Gerry laid them tenderly in the canoe and in silence the party crawled back up the river to Piranhas. No one looked curi-ously at the burden they carried up through the main street. Eyes were tired of the familiar sight. The hour of weepof the familiar sight. The hour of weeping, the allotted tears, were long since spent. They buried them that night. Gerry went back to his room. He could not eat. He sat for a long time looking out on the starry river. Then unconsciously he picked up the old tweed suit and hung it carefully on a chair. The rest of his scattered things he swept unceremoniously upon the floor and threw himself full length on the bed. He was exhausted and slept. exhausted and slept.

exhausted and slept.

He was up early the next morning. He made the old woman bring water and bathed in his room. "It is wise," she said. "For many days there will be poison in the river." Gerry did not answer. He closed the door and went through his ablutions and tollet with great care. His heard he had always kept close clipped. Now he shaved it off. The tan of his face looked like a mask above the fresh face looked like a mask above the fresh Now he shaved it off. The tan of his face looked like a mask above the fresh white of his newly shaved jowls and chin. He picked out the best of his linen and dressed. Lastly he put on the old tweed suit. It fell naturally to the lines of his body, all except the waisthand of the trousers. He drew the back strap as close as it would go. Still the trousers were a little loose at the waist At few. perched on the cliff. Below them were more houses, and under these the tiled the food. The houses just topped looking the river and then lay down. He houses were what was left of Piranhas.

From the shore canoes in search of loot began to shoot out on to the quietening waters. One of them happened upon Gerry's tree, and then upon Gerry. Ger-

"Oh, are you awake?" asked Mrs.

Tree Toad, trying to talk as if she

At that Mister Tree Toad began to

"You sit right here until I come

back with some locust pudding and

grasshopper sauce," said Mister Tree

Toad, as he went away. When he

The Honest Boy

(By Mabel Wilson, Norris street.)

After having received the bread,

he gave the man his 50 cents. The

man gave him 75 cents change. He

looked at it and then said: "I gave

you only 50 cents, not a dollar. Here

The man looked at him and said,

My little man, God will always re-

ward you for your honesty." When

he went home he told his mother

what had happened. His mother said

she was and would always be proud of

Do You Know This?

the town in which you live? (Five

1. How many schools are there in

2. What is the largest school in

3. What is the smallest school?

her little, honest boy.

credits.)

(Five credits.)

is the 50 cents that you gave me."

bestir himself, and soon there was a

ter Tree Toad.

vere surprised.

nowhere to be seen.

"A splendid ht, sir. You can't pick it WOMAN ARTIST TELLS BRIDES TO SHUN RED

"A splendid ht, sir. You can't pick it up snywhere."
Gerry turned from the glass with a sigh. He was restless. The heavy tweeds seemed to bind his limbs and chest, but he would not take them off. He sat at the window and watched the little stern wheeler splash up to the bank. Luckly for her, she had been three days late in starting up the river; else that trip would have been her last. Gerry tried to exert himself to the trouble of packing and getting on board, but he felt listless. Why should he hurry back? Alix had waited, was waiting, but not for him. He had not waited for her. He must go had not waited for her. He must go back and tell her, of course; but what then?

A cavalende came down the street. At cut and weight as he had once deemed the minimum with which a man could decently travel. Now they seemed to him wasteful and futile. The clothes did not carry his mind back as he had expected. The starch in the linen had gone yellow. He had always hated yellow collars. The suits struck him as belonging to some one else—all except one. One sturdy suit of tweed had a cut that was different from the others. Of all the clothes it alone seemed to have a personal note—the note he had expected to find in the bags and had shrunk from.

Then he remembered. This suit had

Lieber turned from watching the boat out of sight. It was bearing Alan away with Kemp installed as nurse as far as the coast. Lieber stumped heavily up the street, leading his horse. From his window Gerry called to him. Lieber took the roins from his arm and handed them to a boy. He climbed to Gerry's room and sat down on the bed. Gerry had never seen him look so tired.

"So," said Lieber, "you escaped."
Gerry nodded gravely. Lieber looked at him with dull eyes. "We passed Fazenda Flores. The house still stands. It's on a little island." Gerry nodded again. Lieber shrugged a shoulder impatiently, "Why aren't you up there?" Gerry braced himself and told him. In a dispassionate tone he told him the his-tory of those terrible moments of destruc-

tion and death. "I am not there," he finished, "becaus-"I am not there." he finished, "because there is nothing left. Three years—all my life here—have been wheel out. Margarita—she knew from the beginning. From the beginning she hated the ditch. I have been a curse. I have brought ruin." Gerry stared before him. His face was white and drawn.

Lieber shook his head judicially, "No it would have been the same except that without you there would have been noth-ing to sweep away. Margarita would still be alive. There would have been no boy." He paused, "Sometimes," he went on, "I don't believe Margarita would have chosen to have things different. She got her jour d'extase and died before it was over. I-l don't think we need be sorry for her. Why didn't you go away on the beat?"

"I don't know," said Gerry. "I tried to, but I couldn't. I just buried her and the boy last night. I couldn't run away like that as though it were all over. Of course, I know it is all over, but when one falls an endless depth in sleep and suddenly wakes in a cold sweat it takes time for the mind to catch its balance. It's that way with me. I've fallen from a height, I've waked to a cold sweat. I must take time to get the balance of life and get it right. You can't hurry over these tran sitions, because somehow it wouldn't decent."

Lieber nodded. "You don't feel like

riding back with me?" he asked hesitat-

CONTINUED TOMORROW

FOOD VALUE

What Is Food Value?

By VIRGINIA E. KIFT

What does the frequently heard term, food value," mean? Restating the latter, "What is the value of food?" It is of value first in keeping us warm; second and third, in keeping our muscles strong and our blood clean. It also helps children to grow and grown-ups to repair t daily wear and tear of the

foolish question?" But much as I would like to have the joke on me, I get you some locust pudding with a of it will not ourn well and hus to be disposed of as useless waste the same as stone or slate in coal. The term "food

stone or state in coal. The term 'Tood value' refers, then, to some comparison of these body fuels from which we get good or ban 'Tood value.'

For example, you would have to eat an entire head of cabbage (the chief value of which is its flavor and inorganic salts) to viceure the same amount of 'Tood to procure the same amount of "food value" that one medium-sized potato

would give. e
Two onions will produce as much heat n your body as an entire can of tomatoes. Two tablespoons of uncooked rice are equivalent in "food value" to 12 large

ysters. Four prunes are equal in this respect o one large fresh turnip. And of what use is it to know all these

And of what use is it to know all these equivalent "food values"?

It teaches first that the watery foods—tomatees, cabbages, turnips, oysters—are not of as much use to our body on a cold day as the more solid foods—potatees, rice, onlons, dried prunes and beans.

Secondly, it teaches economy, that tomatees at 8 cents a can and oysters at 12 cents a dozen give you only the pleasure of flavor (which to be sure is well worth considering provided you can afreturned Willie and his mother were There was a little boy, six years worth considering provided you can af-ford it), while rice at 5 or 6 cents a pound and potatoes at 8 cents a quarter peck old, named John. His mother sent him to the grocery store for five loaves of bread and gave him 50 give you heat for your body and repair

naterial for your worn-out tissues.

Think over the meals you have been erving your family, or eating at your ome, and decide whether you get much "slate and stone" in your food; find out whether you are eating food or just "filler." Since you can correct your det if it is wrong, it will be "fun" to know. Copyright 1916 by Virginia E. Kift.

Man Struck by Train Dies Julian Pinjohn, 50 years old, a chef, living at 5537 Spring street, was struck by a Philadelphia, Baltimore and Wash-ington train last night at 52d street. He falled to hear the approach of the train. He died on the way to the University

Psychology of Color in Maintenance of Domestic Peace and Happiness Explained by Expert

Young brides, if you want to steer clear of the jagged reefs of the divorce coast, shun the colors red and purple in your hats and gowns as you would a burglar. Don't have these colors in your house unless you want trouble. Such was the warning sounded today

Such was the warning sounded today by Miss H. Maynard White, widely known portrait painter, and one of the founders of the Three Arts Club. Miss White ought to know what she is talking about, for many years she has been a close student of the psychology of color. A visit to Miss White's studio reveals that she is an earnest believer in the psychology of color. The walls and furniture of the studio are covered with rich niture of the studio are covered with rich

green,
"Orange," said Miss White, "furnishes orange, said Miss White, "furnishes a striking example of the psychology of color. Often while painting my mind becomes dull and sluggish. On these occasions I have only to rest my eyes for with this morbid color. Chinese prisoners have been known to die from pure de-spondency and depression from being cona minute or two on an orange-colored tapeatry. In a little while my nerves become steady again and my mind clears. "I have found that red works disaster to persons of nervous temperaments. Phynervous system. It takes a very intense hue of blue and red to make purple.

FARMER SMITH'S

RAINBOW CLUB

Food can be likened in its value to cond in a furnace, for just as you build a first to keep your house arm and comfortable to live with the pour buy coal, it may be good, bad or medium. It may burn up at once, or not burn well at all on account of the site with your lazy father and I will get you some locust pudding with a little grasshopper sauce."

Today let us talk about real horses. Did you ever look into the wonder
Pood can be likened in its value to cond in a furnace, for just as you build a first to keep your buse warm and comfortable to live with the food to keep your self warm and comfortable to live with the world? And did you ever self warm and control was a section of the clty where the follows. I advise to look for the sounce are always soothing, as we all know there is a brighten shave found persons nervous temperaments. Physicians have found persons nervous temperaments with in a furnace, for just as you build a first to keep your buse warm and comfortable to live with the know of the world carpet on the floor or flamin ta free carpet on the floor or flamin the world carpet on the floor of the world carpet on the floor of the many bar and count of the world carpet on the floor or flamin the world carpet on the floor of the world carpet on the floor of the many bar and count of the floor or flamin to warm and comfortable to live with the world carpet on the floor or flamin the carpet on the floor or flamin the carpet on the floor of the with the world carpet on the floor or flamin floor or flamin the world carpet on the floor or flamin the carpet on the floor or flamin the world carpet on the floor or flamin floor or flamin the world carpet on the flo and the poor husband was a very miser-

able man.
"One of these cases came under my supervision. The husband said to me to the influence of color. I had one pupil one day: I don't see what has come who was so had that everybody had given over Marian; she used to have such a splendid disposition. him up in despair. He had shot and wounded a policeman, and it seemed that nothing could prevent him from develop-

I can tell you what the trouble is," "I can tell you what the trouble is, I told him. That hideous red paper on your hallways and living room is at the bettom of her irritability. You have a soft violet paper put on and you will notice a change immediately."

"He followed my advice, and several weeks later when I saw him he said for ing into an all-round criminal.
"I gave him a paint box and set him to

vecks later when I saw him he said joy fully: 'You never saw such a char person in your life; our home is happy 'Another color that is likely to start

a bad domestic condition is purple. Advise every married pair to taboo purple to appreciate the psychology of color cen-



ates, gave up vicious mischief and became one of my best and most docile pupils, Color just gripped his little soul and the music of the spectrum vibrated through "Often a child is not exhibiting unrul!-

ness when she walls and protests at having to wear a certain dress. Probably the dress is of a color scheme that causes the little girl's nervous system to rise up in shricking protest.
"Isn't it strange how a little flower will brighten up the life of a child? That is why I have a riot of flowers in my front

why I have a riot of flowers in my front yard in the summer. Children from the alleys and back streets come to view my flowerbeds, but they never molest the posics. Schoolrooms should be decorated with scientific color schemes, and the magic of color can even be injected into the miserable homes of the alley dwell-

Miss White is the daughter of former Congressman Alexander N. White and grandGaughter of the late Judge Thomas White, of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania. She has painted the portraits of many prominent society women of Phil-adelphia and New York. She began ex-perimenting with color effects on children more than 10 years ago, when she taught in the Home of Delight, an art school for poor children.

fined in these purple rooms of punish-ment. It is the intensity of this color that grips and disorganizes the entire Different brands of Cocoa vary widely from the true flavor of the cocoa bean-but

"Green tones are always soothing, as we all know. What a relaxation it is to go into the country and see the green fields and the woods! And did you ever

has a natural flavor which is most pronounced.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

Dr. Charlotte B. Martin The single electric needle method is sonly method enjoying professional censure and confidence for the permanent removal of superfluous hair and ther superficial growths.
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Our Entire Stock of CHOICEST FURS

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"Yes, Mr. Benham, the Sanitary Conveniences

Are Perfect."

"In fact, you'll find that to be the case in every house on our lists." The owner went into the choice of his plumbing fixtures with exceptional care; compared the merits of many makes and finally chose FLECK BROS. He found it scientifically designed to give the most hygienic and convenient service; beauti-fully modeled; easily kept clean; and

You are right to pay such careful attention to the matter of plumbing. You will find FLECK BROS, plumbing the most

FLECK DROS. CO. SHOWROOMS 44-50 NORTH 5th ST.



MISS H. MAYNARD WHITE

At an early age, Miss White avers, children should be taught

to avoid color clashes.

turies ago, discovered the antagonism of

the human system to purple. That is why they draped their terture chambers

"I have seen the worst boys succumb

It was wonderful how he toned

down when the color influence began to

work. He absolutely ignored evil associ-

QUINN'S

We are presenting for your inspection a New Creation in Transformations

Nothing like them elsewhere.

After years of progress and improvement and a careful study of the style of Transformation most becoming to the majority of women, we have succeeded in bringing about this marvelous result. Made of the best quality about this marvelous result. Made of the best quality hair and superior workmanship, they are unsurpassed in appearance and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Our Shampoos are sanitary and our Scalp Treatments with our celebrated French tonics increase the circulation and positively prevent the hair from falling out. Try a course of these treatments.

Permanent Waving and Hair Dyeing done by experts.

E. and R. QUINN 106 South 13th Street

Our Postoffice Box

times as big to him as you really are.

he does not have blinders?

A bright good evening to Joseph Land, of Minersville, Pa .- another young man who reads the club news faithfully and that means that every one everywhere reads the EVENING LEDGER. Herman



me write about.

Here are your answers-(1) As many members of one family as care to may join the Rainbow Club. (2)-Children who do like. not live in Philadelphia are very welcome to be Rainbows.

Eleanor Byrnes, North 27th street, would like to have Rose Fisher, South 4th street, teach her about wireless measages. She would also like to exchange postals with little Rainbow girls, Florence Casten, North 10th street, helps her mother and tries to very thoughtful of her teacher. The Rosewood Rainbows have two brand new members, F. Kenny and dames Christopher. Your editor wants particularly thank the Rosewood Rainbows for the splendid collection of drawings and stories the postman brought in the other day. All eyes on the art gallery on the club news for a Scarwood Art Gallery.

Listen, Rainbows!

Zahn, Jackson you know something of his life. All street, is making a drawings must be made in black ink, shadowgraph, all stories written on one side of the which, he says, he paper only. Send them in not later news February 22. Begin NOW.

Spring Comes to Frogville

Spring was coming in Frogville and one by one the Frogs and Toads were beginning to come out of their winter quarters to see what the world looked

All around the Big Pond could be heard the chorus of Toads crooning

serene, he wiggled his way out to day-

Mrs. Tree Toad gave Willie a soft kick to arouse him from his winter's sleep, and as she did so Mister Tree Toad opened his eyes and looked at his good wife to make sure that it was time to wake up for the rest of the Tree Toad season.

Mister Tree Toad stretched himself, and as he did so Willie said, "Mother,

"No wonder, you dear child, for you

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

FARMER SMITH,

or girl, have you ever led the horse to water? Perhaps you have, but did hole out into the daylight through

you ever stop to think why it is, you, small creature that you are, can which Mrs. Tree Toad and her son

manage a big horse? The animal is his real size to you, BUT you look 12 | wiggled themselves.

Tuesday, February 22, is George Washington's birthday and we are going to honor him by having a "Washington Exhibit" in our corner. If you love George Washington sit down this very minute and make a drawing or write a story which will tell us that than Friday, February 18, and the best ones will be published in the club

Farmer Smith's Frog Book

harmoniously in the warm spring air. Dr. Bull Frog opened his eyes and peeked all around to see if all was well, and, finding the Frog World all

I'm hungry."

FARMER SMITH, EVENING LEDGER: I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE

your town? (Five credits.)

DAY - SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE Name Address

KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY

Age School I attend